

Pascagoula Public Library
Local History & Genealogy Department
Goldsby Family

This was written by a niece of my mother, Martha Goldsby Camp Bell.
She apologizes for her form, but I love the contents that tell a great story of truth.

Genealogy File

DO NOT CIRCULATE OUR FAMILY

(The above is handwriting of Elmer Hally Sullivan
(D. Steele))

This will be a partial account of the genealogy and a bit of family history of our Goldsby, Thomas, Bailey and Wareham kin. Past, as to what records we have - also of the relatives I have known and loved and the ones of us who are still together. Some reminiscing too about my childhood with Papa, Mama, Mary, Robert and Ed.

The oldest record of our Goldsby ancestors was given recently by a distant cousin, Monita Goldsby of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Some excerpts from interesting copies of authentic information about the Goldsby family are as follows: The first account was of William Thomas Goldsby of James City County, Virginia in 1714. The Virginia records were burned and this was taken from English duplicates. Listed in the census of Albemarle County, Virginia in 1779 were William, Thomas and Peter Richard Goldsby, I. The many land grants given to them and other members of their families are too numerous to mention. The next recording is of Peter Richard II who migrated to Wilkes County, Georgia. There is a certified copy of the marriage of Peter Richard to Pherabee (Feraby) Thornton in Oglethorpe, Georgia, November 7, 1795. One of his sons, John Terrell Goldsby came to Tennessee and we have no history of him except that he and his wife are buried on the old Bolton place which is between the Raleigh-Millington Roads and Highway 51. I believe he and his wife started the Goldsby family in Shelby County, Tennessee. The will of Peter Richard was given also by Monita who did this research. The manner in which it is expressed is quaint and reverent: In the name of God, Amen. I, Peter Richard Goldsby of the County of Shelby and State of Tennessee, being of sound mind and disposing memory, for which I thank God. Calling to mind the uncertainty of human life, and knowing that it is appointed once for all men to die, do make this my last will and testament. That is to say: First of all I recommend my soul unto the Almighty God who gave it and my body to be buried by decent Christian burial. As touching such worldly estate which it has pleased God to bless me with, I give, bequeath and dispose of in the following manner and form: First I will that all my just debts be paid. His sons were named executors, being heirs to his remaining estate and negro slaves. His daughters he had made provision for during his life time as seemed the custom then. This will was made in 1839. His sons were Thomas Terrell, my great grandfather, who settled in Shelby County, Col. Thorn Boykin who went to Alabama and Miles Walton who settled in Tennessee then moved to Alabama and then to Louisiana and is the ancestor of Monita Goldsby. His daughters were Zillah Pherabe and Eliza Barnett who married and moved to Mississippi.

My great grandfather Thomas Terrell Goldsby was born in Georgia. He moved with his family at age nineteen to Tennessee, went back to Georgia and married Sydney Katie Jennings in 1823. They then returned to Tennessee and built the ancestral home on what we have always known as the Hill Place, great grandpa having given that property to his only daughter, Sydney Bland who married John Applewhite Hill of another old family and who lived on

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an adjoining farm. His daughter was always called "Mitt"; and Aunt Mitt by her numerous nephews and nieces. The family cemetery still stands on the Hill place. The remaining daughter Alma Hill Venable and her son Billy still live there and we are indebted to them for this earliest Goldsby genealogy.

I remember my older aunts telling of my great grandfather's home burning to the ground and in the excitement the children threw mirrors and breakable things out of the upstairs windows and carried pillows down in their arms. Great Grandpa, spoken of as Old Grandpa by his great grandchildren, owned several thousand acres of land bounding on the north and east almost to Pleasant Ridge and Millington, south to Hatchie Bottoms, and west almost to what is now highway 51. His sons were William Thomas, my grandfather, Solomon, whose farm was north of Aunt Mitt's, and his property left him by his father joined aunt Mitt's to the south. Aunt Mitt's sons were Andrew and Terrell. Her daughters Stella, Jane, Alma and Aggie Lee.

Birth and death dates on his tomb stone are 1802-1880 (Great Grandpa), 1824-1909, my grandpa Tom Goldsby. The epitaph on my grandpa's tomb reads: "A truer or nobler man never lived or breathed". Grandpa married Martha Thomas for whom I was named. Their sons were Sidney, Terrell and Robert, who was my father. The daughters: Jennie, Mary, Maud, Mattie, Harriette Jane (Mattie), Annie and Emily. Uncle Sol married Priscilla Bolton of Tennessee and their children were Ella, Israel, Zillah, Esther and DeWitt Talmadge, or Mr. Tal, as we know him. He too still has his home on the land he inherited from his father. Uncle Richard, Grandpa Tom's youngest brother married Molly Stovall of Galloway, Tennessee. Their children were Earl, Nona Fay, Mary and Fereby. After his wife's death he remarried and migrated to Florida. He was the grandfather of Pauline Goldsby Carlisle and we feel very close to her and her children, having grown up with them.

This is the history of my Grandmother, Martha Thomas Goldsby's family as given by Ellen Davies Rodgers. She claims kinship with us through her mother, Gillie Davies whose mother was a cousin of Grandma's. According to Cousin Ellen's charts which she has gathered through extensive travel and information in Daughter's of American Revolution Circles, Grandma Martha's parents came to America from Wales in 1762. They settled in Maryland then moved to North Carolina where they were given a land grant by Lord Granville in Iredell County. Her mother's name was Margaret Brevard who married Jacob Thomas. Their son John Thomas served as an ensign in the Revolutionary war. There was another daughter Mary, who married Duncan McCallum. Their sons were Duncan, Samuel and John. Our dear cousin John whom we knew so well, I will tell about later. These his daughters Lottie, Katie and Martha. These family names will run all through this little epistle as you read on.

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I had four real uncles and nine real aunts as in those days we didn't feel very differently about 'by marriage' uncles and aunts. We loved them all. First there was Uncle Terrell, papa's older brother who married Jennie Rembert whose father was a large land owner, Samuel Rembert. Their plantation was called Rembert Springs and located on old Highway 51. Jennie's sisters's son Rembert Williams and his family, still live on the same place. There were two sons born to Uncle Terrell and Aunt Jennie. George, who died when a small boy and Robert; Bob as he was called, usually "Little Bob" because my father was the other and older Robert in the family, I suppose. Bob was all of six feet six or seven inches tall, a splendid concert pianist who also composed, gave voice and piano lessons. He delighted in directing amateur theatricals. I remember once I performed with two other little girls in a school program; we wore clown suits and did a little song and dance. He taught Mary piano and me voice. Uncle Terrell was accidentally killed on a hunting trip and Aunt Jennie never remarried.

Uncle Sidney married Elizabeth Musso of Memphis (Aunt Lizzie to us). They had one son Kenneth, and three lovely daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret and Evelyn. They always lived in Little Rock and every summer would visit all the family, making our house and Aunt Hattie's headquarters. One summer Frances Sullivan and I went over to spend a couple of weeks with them, I remember Aunt Lizzie taking us sight seeing; to the State Capitol which was new then, the penitentiary, and the insane asylum. She could have omitted those last two--we were terrified. We have just about lost track of the girls - have not heard from them for a long time,,but think Elizabeth and Margaret are most likely still in New York City.

Aunt Jennie was the eldest of papa's seven sisters. She married Carroll T. Black of Brunswick, Tennessee. Eleven children were born to this union. The daughters were Irene, Maud, Mattie, Jennie May and Olive and Lois. The sons were Thomas, Duncan, Hugh and Carey.

Maud Married Louis Williams of Lucy. Their sons were Raymond, Marklin, Winston and Rodger. The daughters Mable and Louise. Mary married Ferdinand Bettis of Memphis and they soon moved to Tampa, Florida. Their children were Walter and Irma who still live there with their families. Tampa is also my birthplace. Papa used to call me his little "Florida Cracker".

Martha, always called Mattie, never married. Her fiancee died and she devoted her life to her family especially to Emily the youngest sister. She lived with her after Grandpa's death until her own at the age of seventy.

Annie, who married Henry Rudy of Memphis had two children, Little Henry, who died at five years of age and Hazel, the daughter.

Harriet Jane or "Hattie" was married to Lee Sullivan of Memphis. Their sons were Herbert, Henderson, who died when just a small boy and Elmer. The daughters, Allene, Martha and Frances.

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Emily, the youngest, married John Wright of Horn Lake, Mississippi and they had no children.

My first remembrance was of living with my family at Grandpa Tom Goldsby's Old Home Place. He was my childhood idol and petted me very much; probably because I was named for his beloved and beautiful wife, Martha Thomas Goldsby. Aunt Mattie lived there and she too spoiled me and sometimes called me 'her little girl'.

I remember going with Grandpa 'up' to Uncle Sol's in the buggy - he having to get out and lead "old Billy" down the very steep hills between our houses. The road is now called Raleigh Millington Highway. I was so happy and thrilled to be with grandpa visiting Uncle Sol and his famous peach orchard. No one else had such good tasting peaches. We had a plum orchard and other fruit trees. There were many varieties of pecans in our pecan yard as it was called and the nuts were given to relatives and friends who came to visit.

I remember Grandpa when he got ready for his afternoon nap, would give me a "lap full" of pecans so I would be quiet, and he could sleep. I'd then proceed to crack them with my teeth. Maybe that is why they have been so durable. Grandpa made a beverage he called persimmon beer every winter. Non-alcoholic, of course, and no persimmon flavor, which he kept in a large barrel with a spigot and we would help ourselves whenever thirsty, which was right often. He would put Robert up in front of his saddle when riding overseeing the farm. He called him Tod. His big old desk always had an odor of pipe tobacco, beeswax and apples. Isn't it strange how we humans can remember some of the past better than the present.

When we children were very young, Aunt Mattie would take us down in the lane under the big oak tree and read bible stories to us or teach our Sunday school lessons. I wonder what ever became of mama's little dress she had worn when about five years of age, and looked like a doll dress, and grandpa's tall four poster bed and the old hat rack that stood in the front hall for so many years, Grandpa's ornately embroidered wedding vest that was yellowed with age.

Now for something about the lives of my Aunts, uncles and their families. I will begin with Aunt Jennie as she was the eldest. I do not remember very much of her living in Lucy as after she was widowed she moved to Memphis with her sons and daughters who were not yet married. They were Olive, Hugh, Lois and Carey, also a widowed daughter Mattie Black Wells and her son Carroll. Aunt Jennie was an especially sweet person and her home was a pleasant one to visit. One of her daughters Jennie Mae taught

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me in first grade when they lived in Lucy. She married Luther McCallum, a distant cousin who was a partner in the cotton firm of McCallum and Robinson. It is still one of the large cotton houses on Front Street. At his death she married Lloyd T. Binford, the nationally known movie censor. She and Lois are very dear cousins who now have their home together. I remember Hugh also. When we were young girls our rendezvous was Dinstuhls which was a candy shop and ice cream parlor on Main Street. Sometimes, he would come in when we were there and buy us a box of candy. All Aunt Jennie's children are just naturally sweet people. Other places we liked were "Floyds", another combination apothecary and candy store; also the Peabody when it was on Main Street.

Some summers Aunt Mary would come from Tampa bringing her daughter Irma and in later years her granddaughter Mary Lucille Young. Aunt Mary was a serene and gracious woman, being very pretty, having naturally curly brown hair.

Aunt Annie Rudy and Hazel were 'regulars' every summer at our house, coming for a week every so often. They did ^{not} visit often during the winter months as Aunt Annie had a facial nerve condition and could not venture out during cold weather. I remember their house being almost unbearably hot to Mary and me who were used to a house with open log fires. I remember going with Hazel in summer visiting each afternoon to the butcher shop for meat for the evening meal. Once Uncle Henry brought her a little donkey and what fun we had riding it. Theirs was a leisurely household and Aunt Annie and Hazel were late sleepers, which Mary and I were not used to. We would sometimes get up earlier to fix our own breakfast. We did not mind as we enjoyed being with them.

Aunt Hattie and Uncle Lee Sullivan lived in Lucy as we did. Their house was our second home. Martha, the middle daughter was near May's age, so they were very companionable, as were Frances and I for the same reason. Uncle Lee's parents emigrated to this country from Ireland. His father's name was also Lee and he married Eliza Harris. His birth date was 1816 and he died in 1860. Uncle Lee was never called Lee Junior, his father having died ^{before} he was born. He had two sisters, Lou and Margaret. Papa and Uncle Lee loved each other more like brothers than 'in laws'. We girls visited "spending the night" or week ends quite often together. I remember the jolly confusion there on Sunday mornings dressing for church. Everyone trotting around joking and having fun. The fragrance of Sweetheart soap they used was, I thought, the last thing in luxurious bathing. Uncle Lee called Aunt Hattie "Miss Hattie" or "Dolly" and she called him "Leedy". He could compose poetry at the drop of a hat or as he went along. A very sweet little Irishman and their home was indeed a happy one.

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Aunt Emily, papa's youngest sister and he were devoted to each other. We were always a little in awe of her because we thought she expected a little more of us than young people were capable of being. We loved her however because of her kindness to us in many ways. She and her husband always called each other Mr. and Mrs. Wright. They were faithful workers in First Baptist Church and did many charitable deeds unknown to anyone except themselves. I remember when we teen age cousins would visit her, Mr. Wright and Aunt Mattie, she would sometimes let her Chauffeur Ernest, drive us around town. Aunt Emily too was pretty and always was exquisitely dressed. To pass by her bedroom door with the fragrance of perfumes, was exhilarating to us children. She would not hesitate to reprimand any niece or nephew if she thought it necessary and we probably profited by it. She lived to an old age as did her husband. Mr. Wright died recently at the age of 92, his mind still very alert.

Now for something of my father and mother's life together with us children. Also some events in the lives of our families as I knew them.

Papa bought the Home Place his father had left his children. He loved it and wanted to keep it in the family. He studied, and was a scientific farmer, growing the best "crops" in the vicinity. His vegetable gardens were 'seed catalogue' beautiful ones. He always grew a large greens patch each fall and people from far and near would come to get them without his ever thinking of any charge. Neighborliness and generosity were his way of life. I remember cousin John McCallum, who owned much land near Egypt, Tennessee. He would come on Sunday, every so often, to spend the day, bringing presents for us children. He and papa were very congenial and enjoyed talking about their families and farms and smoking their pipes until it was time for him to saddle his horse and ride to his home. We was a widower who had several daughters living in New York. They would send him things he didn't have any use for and would give to us. He gave papa a fur collared great coat once and we thought papa looked so handsome wearing it. He also gave us a closed carriage with the driver's seat outside. We felt very elegant riding in it with the old colored "uncle" doing the driving. I remember the negro tenants on our farm, and they were truly the aristocrats of negroes, whose ancestors had been slaves. We had one family who had the Goldsby name and we called them Uncle Charles and Aunt Burnie, out of respect for their ages. Uncle Charles became a preacher, and Aunt Burnie was quite a character. Two little incidents I recall about her; one - when I was quite young and Coca Cola had just come out, some one gave Aunt Burnie one to drink and she thought she would be polite and keep her mouth closed when she burped and when someone asked if she wanted another one she said "Fo' Gawd, that last one like to blowed my head off". Another time she was given an old lady's mourning bonnet for her only little daughter, among a number of sons. Some one asked if it was not Miss Pink's old bonnet and Aunt Burnie indignantly retorted, "Well maybe

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it used to be, but now it happens to be Lady Moon's little new hat.

The colored men on the farm called papa Cap'n or Cap'n Bob and the women, Mr. Robert. He always dealt fairly with them, providing them with comfortable homes and they were devoted to him, getting along so amiably together. I remember Springtime as a little girl on the farm. The flower garden that began so early with all the lovely old fashioned blooms, double hyacinths, white, pink and purple, snow drops, violets, several varieties of jonquils and narcissus, hollyhock, bachelor buttons and many others. We would often take a bouquet to our teachers. I have thought that both Barbara and Buddy must have gotten their love of growing things from my father.

Mary played the piano a lot and we both sang. Our entire family did. I remember mama playing 'The Holy City' and all of us singing. I heard it recently and it brought back tender memories. Mama was reared in the Episcopal Church, her mother being English. She joined the Baptist Church after she married, but I believe she always loved her original faith best. Her first three children were christened in Old Church of the Good Shepherd. I still have my baptismal certificate.

Summer time was a lazy relaxing time with us. There were almost always visiting relations which we enjoyed having, all making themselves at home and just being a part of our own family. I remember the Lucy-Woodstock, and Tipton picnics which were highlights of summer. W. C. Handy, the world famous negro blues composer would bring his band of about 6 musicians and they would sit in a two horse wagon by the stretcher dance floor and play from 9:00 in the morning until 'Home Sweet Home' at midnight...For \$5 a piece, and all the good food they could manage to eat and still perform. They would play the Saint Louis and Memphis Blues and something called "Mr. Crump" which began: "Mr. Crump don't low no fo' day riders here". Uncle Louis Williams would say "I golly, Maudie is not cooking for all those city folks, but when dinner on the ground lunch time came, he would hospitably invite one and all to partake - which they did.

Aunt Maud would just smile.

I remember Aunt Mattie and I took long walks at night when she lived on South Third Street - a nice neighborhood over fifty years ago. Sometimes we would stroll on Beale Street and go into Battier's Pharmacy for an ice cream soda or something she would need. That was the place. Abe Plough got his start there and he has done right well. I remember too, the open street cars we would take rides on 'just for fun'.

Autumn meant back to school time. Mama would shop for our school things and we were always pleased with them. Then we would take our lunch and make a day of hickory nut hunting in Hatchie Bottoms or sometimes to Rembert Springs Woods. They were so delicious in candy.

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Wintertime meant open log fires - our mile and a half walk to school when the weather was not too cold and bad. Someone would take us in the carriage or surrey with the fringe on top in cold weather. The advent of the horse drawn wagonettes were a thrill for us. Mr. Wortham, a little hunch back man was the driver, and the vehicle could almost be turned around on a dime. Hog killing time too was a winter happening, with us children as interested spectators. Papa knew how to season the bacon, ham and sausage just right and would give packages of sausage to relatives and friends.

Christmas was a thrilling time for us; as we only received toys then, and not the whole year round as nowadays. I remember a cedar Christmas tree as a very little girl. It was decorated with strings of popcorn and cranberries, tensil rope and colored glass baubles and on it's branches were clamped little holders with wax candles. These were only lighted on "special occasions" because of the fire hazard. We always had 'fireworks' at Christmas time. Papa would shoot off the sky rockets and big fire crackers and any others he thought too dangerous for us. We would bundle up warmly and go out and hold the roman candles, small fire crackers, sparklers and something called torpedoes, which were little round things that when thrown hard to the ground would explode, making a loud noise. We felt quite brave with those. We hung our stockings on the mantles in our bedrooms. There would be candy, fruit and nuts, also some special treat in them and our toys, of course, were under the tree. Usually Uncle Ferd and Aunt Mary Bettis would send us a crate of Florida oranges which were so much better than the ones we could buy.

Mary and I would decorate the house, going down to the lower lot and breaking off branches of holly from a beautiful red berry tree. I could climb to the very top to get mistletoe. I remember a good many white Christmases which made them seem all the better.

We know very little of the family histories of our Bailey and Wareham ancestors. Grandpa William Bailey, only divulged his birthplace when making his will. He was born in Switzerland, his family settling in Nashville. When he was just a young boy, being unhappy at home, he ran away. He swam across the Tennessee river in his escape and made his way to Memphis. He went to work for a poultry man whose step-daughter later became his wife. He once told Grandma that he had two sisters and that was all he ever told about his family. Grandpa was a self made man. He saved his wages and in a few years became owner of what was then known as a slaughter house. Grandpa was a man of great integrity and sense of duty to his family. He acquired considerable property in North Memphis, including the land on which St. Joseph's hospital was built. My mother told us that Grandpa gave the frontage to the Catholic Church and the balance was bought for that

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he had the Bailey Flats built, a four apartment building directly opposite the hospital.

Grandpa, Grandma and Uncle John's children occupied one of the upstairs units. Uncle Will and his sons and daughter the other. The downstairs apartments were rented out. He liked to sit on the big porch and watch the action of Jackson Avenue and St. Josephs. Theirs was a very methodical family. One could almost set his watch by their living habits. Once in a great while Grandpa would come out to Lucy on the train and spend the day with us. He was never happy to be away for long from Jackson Avenue. After lunch he would begin pacing up and down anxiously awaiting the time of his return home. He loved the circus and never missed one unless providentially hindered. He liked to hear the visiting evangelists who would preach in Court Square. He walked a lot and did almost until the time of his death. His hearing was impaired in later life but his mind remained alert. His obituary notice in the Commercial Appeal reads as follows:

William Bailey III, one of the oldest residents of Memphis, died at 5:00 July ninth, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Six at the age of 91. Born in Switzerland, he came to Memphis from Nashville at the age of 12. A likeable sort of lad, he went to work for a poultryman and soon had his own business in the meat industry. Mr. Bailey was too small to be accepted into the Confederate Army as he never weighed more than 90 pounds at any time during his life. He finally managed to join the State Guard and served in that capacity while still working at his trade, doing his bit to keep together the economic fabric of the South. Mr. Bailey was married to Miss Mary Wareham. They were married on St. Valentines day 1943 to Miss Mary Wareham and celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1917. They lived most of their lives within three blocks of where his life's journey ended.

Grandma Bailey came to America from England with her parents at the age of 5. She had one sister Jane, and a brother, James. Her father was John Wareham. Her mother's maiden name, Ellen Holt. They came from Warrington, which is near Liverpool. Only one week after arriving in this country, Grandma's father died. Grandma's only brother died very young. Her sister Jane married Miles Donnelly. Their sons were Miles, Henry and Forrest, the daughters Ella and Effie. Cousin Ella as we knew her, was a woman of great charm and wit. She and Miss Annie McCarty, both spinsters, were expert seamstresses and earned their livelihood by that means. They loved the theater and the arts and made many beautiful altar cloths for their church. They made their home with Miss Annie's brother Robert McCarty and his family - his children being like their own grandchildren. Cousin Ella lived to an old age.

Henry Donnelly was married and had two sons. We have no record of Miles and Forrest as all the older generations of the Bailey and Wareham kin have long been deceased.

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Cousin Effie married Henry Burton of Memphis and she was a gracious lady we knew well. They had no children.

Grandma Mary's mother remarried another Englishman whose name we do not have. He was the poultryman with whom Grandpa began his business career. Grandma and Grandpa had two sons: John and William Jr., Uncle Will to his nephews and nieces; three daughters, Laura, Margaret (Aunt Mag) and Annie, who was my mother. Uncle John married Camille Morgan of New York. Uncle Will married Nell Doroughty of a good Irish family and were neighbors here in the city. Her sister Katherine or "Kit" was married to Edward Mercere whose business house Buddy buys his dental supplies from. Aunt Laura's husband was James J. Nolan of another fine Irish family of Memphis. Aunt Mag married Eugene Donovan, also of Memphis, a widower with one small daughter. I remember going with mama to visit Grandpa and Grandma as a little girl when they lived next door to the hospital. A bayou ran by the house which I was very much afraid of although there was a tall board fence between it and the house. I remember the parlor there with the old furnishings and things that had been brought over from England. Barbara and Dorothy Wynne DeMassi have some interesting items that were handed down through several generations. I recall mama telling about Grandma being so charitable and nursing the sick in the neighborhood when she could. She was always immaculate in appearance and wore a shawl around her shoulders winter and summer whenever she went out. She would only have the very best in meats, and was a good cook. She always wore a long white apron over her dress at home, and looked every inch a queen when she went out in her black silk dress and diamond earrings. She also had a lovely diamond pin that Dianne Goldsby inherited. I remember Grandma's flaming English/Pudding that was so delicious. Its a shame that no one saved the recipe.

When Grandma was about sixty years old, her daughter in law, Camille died, leaving an infant boy and another son and two young daughters. Soon afterwards Uncle John, their father also died. The children were taken into Grandpa and Grandma's home to be reared. Aunt Mag was not then married so she helped, especially with Walter, the baby. The older son was John, Jr. and always called Jack. The girls were Felecia and Helen. Uncle Will's wife died not long after that, leaving him with four children. His sons were Malcolm, William III and Alfred Michael, called Alf. The only daughter was named Clara. Uncle Will would hire housekeepers who usually did not work out, and so he and his family would go to live at Grandpa's. What a responsibility it must have been to have eight children in the house and their grandparents no longer young. They were brought up as Catholics, Aunt Nell being a member of that Church. Uncle John's children were Episcopalians as both he and Aunt Camille had been. I remember them making their Communions. We loved our Bailey cousins and would visit 'both ways' often.

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Aunt Laura and Uncle Jim were a sweet congenial couple. I believe their family was the most affectionate one I have ever known. Aunt Laura was a lovely and gracious lady and their home was a delightful place to visit. I remember when the family came out on Sundays to spend the day with us, they would always bring some special treat, and we were so happy to have them. Their children were Dorothy, James Junior, who died in infancy, Kenneth and Eugene. Dorothy and Gene still live in the family home on Belvedere and are two of our special cousins. Dorothy taught at Central High School for many years and is now retired. Gene did service in the navy hospital corps during the second world war. Their family parties are high lights of our year, especially with the younger generation. I will have to tell this little gem of wisdom said by my grandson, Bailey Plyler when he was about 5. Someone asked about his getting married and he hesitated a moment and said "No, I'M going to be a loose man like Gene." Gene is a bachelor who Bailey thought was such a free and happy man, that he wanted to be just like him. Kenneth married Lola McKee of Topeka, Kansas and they live near Germantown

Aunt Mag and Flo still live in Greenville. Mr. Donovan was for many years Chief of the Fire Department there. They have a lovely home and it is a pleasure to visit them and we are especially happy when they come up here.

This brief account of our relatives cannot be concluded without mentioning my nephews and nieces with whom my children grew up and who are an extension of our own family. They are Mary's children, Dorothy, Mary Ann and Robert Lee; Robert's family Tom and Joe and Ed's children Dianne, Ed, Jr. and Betty Jane. When our children were growing up, we all lived near enough for our children to play together and grow up very close to each other, and to each set of parents. If I seem over enthusiastic in praise of my relatives, I make no apology as they have been and are very dear to me.

And now to my immediate family. First, my husband Rudolph Campbell, Sr. to whom I have been married for almost forty three years, then my son Rudolph, Jr. (Buddy to us) and my daughter Barbara.

My son-in-law Lawrence Plyler is a good husband and father and more like another son to me. My daughter-in-law Bettie McGinley Campbell, is a congenial and helpful wife to Buddy. They have a very lovely home and I am devoted to her also. My precious and only grandchild, Lawrence Bailey Plyler, is an especial joy to our entire family.

I have written this little account for my children of whom I am very proud.

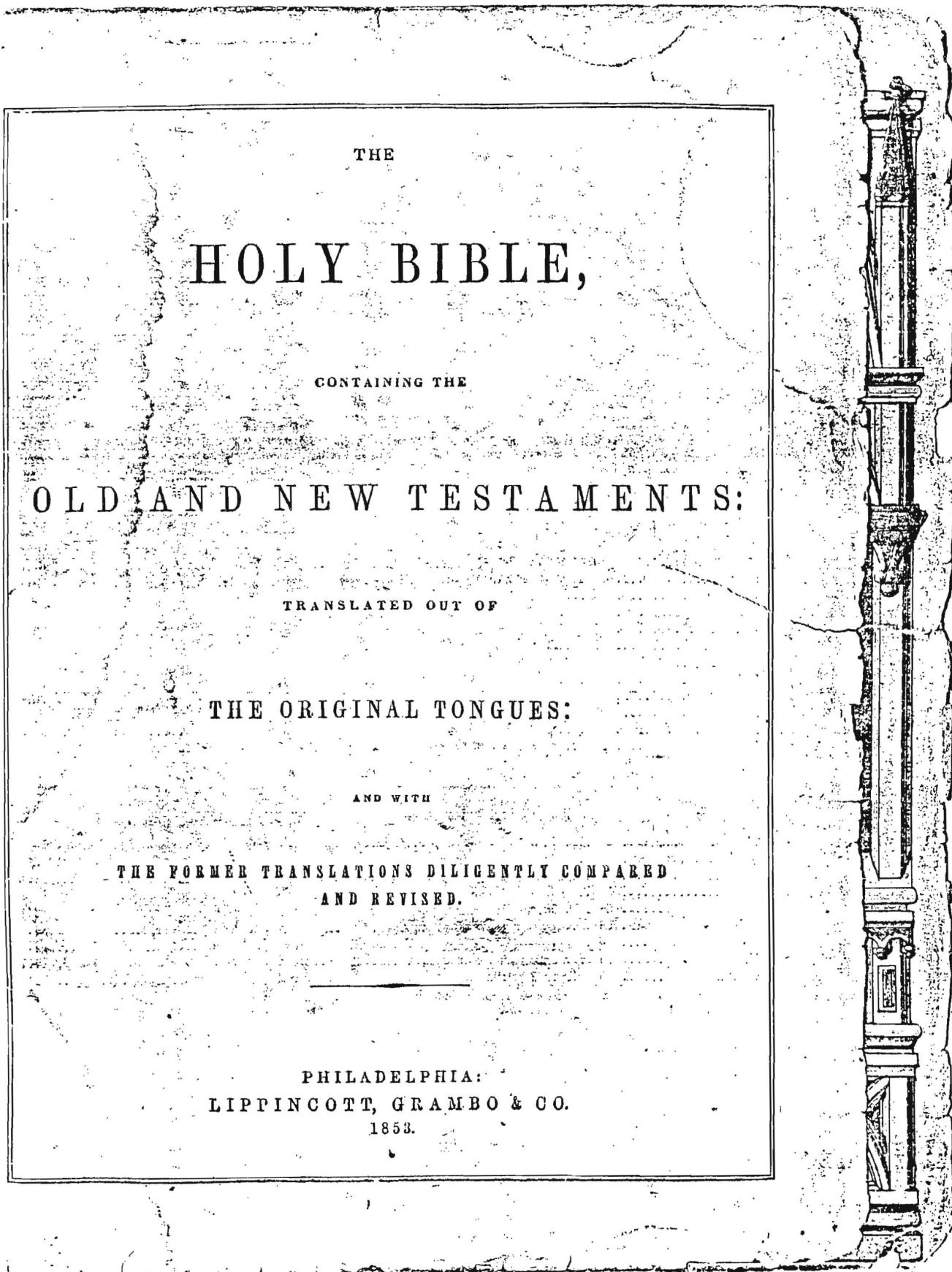
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112 Bower
Hot Springs, Ark. 71901
Jan. 10, 1984

RE: FAMILY BIBLE

The accompanying copy of family lineage is from the Family Bible of Marriet Jane Goldsby, mother of Elmer Hedley Sullivan, and quoted as part of his proof of lineage on his SAR Application. Elmer Hedley Sullivan died 8 May, 1983. He was a distant cousin of this writer.


Dorothy Maude Steele
Col. John Washington Chapter
NSDCCVIIC National No. 16508



Births.

Eugenia Goldsby (1852)
born on the 8th of August

William T. Goldsby
born on the 7th of January
1853

Horace T. Goldsby
born on the 2nd of December
1855

Lily Thomas Goldsby
born on the 25th of
August 1857

Eliza Elland Goldsby
born the 28th of August
1859

Sydney Goldsby
Born April the 24th, 1862

Mattice Irwin Goldsby
born January the 19th 1864

D. Goldsby
born the 4th March 1866

Mattice T. Goldsby born
Oct the 27th, 1868

William Thomas
Goldsby born on
the 17th of December

Martha T. Goldsby (1853)
Born on the 15th of December

Eugenia Daughter
of H. T. and Eliza K.
Goldsby Born on the
3rd of August the 1852

William T. Goldsby
Born on the 7th of January
in the year 1854

Horace T. Goldsby born
on the 2nd of December the 1855

Eliza Thomas Goldsby born
on the 25th of August the 1857

Charles Goldsby born the
28th of August the 1859

Sydney Goldsby born
April the 24th 1862

Mattice Irwin Goldsby
born January the 19th 1864

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 Goldsby Family

G. C. Goldsby

Born the 4th March
 of the year 1866.

Hattie J. Goldsby born
 Oct the 27th 1868.

Robert J. Goldsby
 born the 11th of March
 the year, 1871

Conley J. Goldsby

born May 11th 1878
 Goldsby born April 15th

George J. Goldsby
 Born the 27th of
 Sep 1886.

Herbert Lee Sullivan

Born Sept. 19 1889

Memphis Tenn.

Decreas J. Black born

Aug 27 1889
 Leonia New Orleans La.
 and 1889.

Bailey Goldsby

Born Aug 18 1892 Memphis

Tenn. J. Goldsby born

Oct 18 1890 Memphis Tenn.
 and Oct 40 1912. Same

Births.

Carrie Black

Born July 12 1879

Doris Black born

July the 11th 1894

Maurice Black

Born 5 days Dec 1878

Carroll Black Jr

Born May the 20th 1880

Mattie W. Black. Oct 2 1901

Barry Black

Born Friday Sept 19 1881

Mabel O. Williams

Born May 19 1883

Lee Williams

Sonoma Miles Bettis

Born March 12 1881

in Memphis Tenn.

Ross G. Black

Born Dec 11 1883

Mabel Anna Black William

Born June 16 1883

William G. Black born

Feb 15 1886

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Goldsby Family

Walter J. Goldsby
and Sons' Register
of Marriages
1851-1900

Marriages.

William Thomas
Goldsby and Miss
Martha K. Thomas
Married on the 22nd of
Oct 1851.

Henry J. Ruddy
and
Frannie G. Goldsby
married Oct. 4 1889.
At Memphis Tenn.

R. H. Goldsby &
Anna Bailey married Oct
28-1897 Memphis.
R. H. Goldsby & Engle
Goldsby Married Feb
15-1900 Memphis.

Carroll Blackard
and Miss Eugenie
Goldsby married
Sept 1 1887
David B. Hillman
and Maude Goldsby
Married Dec 19 1888

Robert F. Bettis
and
Mary P. Goldsby
Married July 1880

Israel Nichols and
Miss Mary
Garrison registered
Married Dec 21
1882 Modesto
Calif
and Walter J. Goldsby
Married No. 30
1887 Louisville

Deaths.

William J. Goldsby
Died on the 1st of Oct
1854

Thomas J. Goldsby
Died on March 10 1887
at Duncan Miss.
from open shot wound
of the heart & lungs

Wm. J. Goldsby
Died Aug 17, 1891,
at Lucy Fmn.
Great loss will be
an untimely frost,
given the sweetest flower
of all the field.

Carroll Black, Jr.
Died Sept 4, 1881.
at Lucy Fmn.

W.W. W. Goldsby
Died March 12, 1895
1895 Lucy Fmn.
A good education
A good devoted wife & mother.

J. H. Riedy, Jr.
Died Dec. 7, 1900
Wm. H. Riedy, Esq.
Thomas Black & Black
died Dec. 7, 1895 Fmn.
Riedy & Goldsby died
Dec 16, 1897 Fmn.
Thomas Goldsby died
Aug 1, 1895

H. J. Goldsby
Died Oct 29, 1916